

The Haunted House.

I was lying stretched at full length on the long sofa in the library. I was drowsy after dinner in spring, as I had been asleep. Even after I awakened the sweet drowsiness of slumber was on me, and I lay for some time with closed lids in that thoughtless, dreamless state between sleep and waking. Suddenly I became aware of a presence in the room and opened my eyes, expecting to see my aunt. Instead I saw a flash of black before my eyes, a flash that shimmered and quavered like superheated air and disappeared while I was blinking my eyes to see what it all meant, but I was alone in the room. The thing gave me a queer sensation, and I lay quite still for some minutes, shutting and opening my eyes, to see if the black flash reappeared. But it did not; there was only a sort of tired feeling back of my eyes.

"Malaria," I said resignedly, and I went to look for Amelia to get her to make me a lemonade.

I found the little maid watering the flowers down in the paved court. I leaned over the banister, with my face in my hands, lazily watching her swing the dusty air. Her deft little hands glittering like copper where the sun touched their wet brown fingers.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Amelia?" I asked wearily.

"Oh, yes, mamzelle," said the little maid in her pretty French, as she turned her sacred brown face up to look at me. "Don't you?"

"Of course not," I answered, "but I'm thirsty, Amelia."

Then she flickered the water from her coppery fingers and went away to mix me the cool drink of lemon and lime juice which no one could make so well.

When the little maid was gone Aunt 'Cilla poked her big white kerchiefed head from the kitchen door, nodded at me a moment and then came totting up the steps.

"You been sleep in de library, ain't you, honey," she said, when she had waddled quite close to me.

"Yes," I answered, wondering.

"Das a mighty po' place to sleep, chile," she said.

"Why, Aunt 'Cilla?" I asked.

"Cos' 'tis," she answered inconceivably, nodding her head backward toward Amelia, who was coming up the steps behind her.

"Ta jess tellin' mamzelle she better muck you get de fether duster and bresh de dust off'n dem bananas and dat palm 'r you sprinkles 'em, 'Melia," said the old woman as she waddled away.

"All right, Aunt 'Cilla," said the little maid, as she left me to my lemonade and to wondering what the old woman meant.

But whatever she meant she would not tell me. For days, in the eagerness of my thoroughly aroused curiosity, I besought the old woman, and finally offered to bribe her if she would tell till at the last the poor old thing threw herself down her knees at my feet.

"Don't muck me tellin' honey chile," she said. "Taint nothin' gwine to hurt you; if dere was I'd tell you of it kill me. But taint nothin' 't all gwine to hurt you, only I dem ben conjured an' ef I tell de hoodoo would git me. Das de truth honey," and there were tears rolling down the old woman's black cheeks.

Of course this served to excite my fancy all the more concerning the shimmering black spot in the library, and in the meantime I had a second experience of it.

I had told my aunt upon the first day of our possession that the house was to be haunted. I have always wondered why my aunt selected it. It was, in many respects, the least prepossessing of any that the agent showed us, yet to be sure it had a grandeur about it, a sort of stately, stuccoed, Creole grandeur that was altogether charming in our eyes that beheld New Orleans for the first time.

My aunt said she selected the house because of its location, because from the upper balcony she could see the old cathedral and the wharf, the big smoke-puffing steamers, and even the red sails of the tiny fishing smacks showing their bright stars of color on the breast of the dull water.

I frankly confess that the ghostly spot in the library set me to thinking that romance may be much better dreamed than realized, particularly as I could not speak to my aunt about it. We had come South for her health and it became my constant care to keep her from knowing about the spot. Nevertheless, I set myself to find

out what it meant. I rummaged all over the house in every crack and corner, and found many secret closets and hidden springs that I had hitherto been ignorant of. But besides these not a scrap of manuscript, nothing to tell of any former history of the house or of inhabitants. One day, however, when I had about concluded that my efforts would be in vain, Amelia was helping me to arrange some books and magazines in the big, empty wall case in the library. Suddenly the little maid fell a heavy volume. The book had slipped from a pile which she was attempting to lay on the shelf, and striking heavily against the back of the case, opened a secret door therein concealed, and dropped with a sort of broken fall into the niche behind. It is needless to say I lost no time in searching amid the dust and cobwebs of the little closet, where I found two small oil pictures and a little plaster bust. With eager hands I brushed the dust from the pictures and taking them to the light found one to be the portrait of a delicate, sweet-faced boy with timid blue eyes and fair hair. Across the back of the canvas was written: "Jean, aged ten years." The other picture was of a lad seemingly fifteen or sixteen years of age, a handsome black-haired, black-eyed boy, whose expression I did not like. The plaster cast was the head of a grinning faun, so stoned and just covered as to be scarcely recognizable. Besides the dust and grime, the faun was further disfigured by a crack, but poorly patched, running entirely around the head, cleaving the right cheek and glancing downward through the mouth, and dashing against the face so that it spattered both eyes, was a hideous black ink spot.

Here at last was a clue to the mystery, but what it would lead to I could not even conjecture. Was it the shimmering black spot that I had seen so often now, which darted across the faun's face as I sat in the high library mantel between the two portraits? Perhaps it was only a passing shadow, for some one had crossed the threshold.

"Missy, honey, whar'bouts you git dem things?" said Aunt 'Cilla, as she entered. "Better put 'em back whar dey come from, better put 'em back."

By this time the old woman had reached the fireplace, and stood looking up at the picture.

"'Tis 'Missa Jean," she said, earnestly, "no 'till lamb."

"Who is the other boy, Aunt 'Cilla?" I asked.

"Da' Massa Pierre, missy, ol' marster's odder gran'son," the old woman answered, hesitatingly.

"Tell me about them."

"Dere ain't much to tell, missy," she said, slowly. "I wish dere was mo'. Dere ain't nothin' 't all but jess dat de 'till boys under live here wid ol' marster, an' den when ol' marster died he left everything to Pierre an' po' 'till Jean."

"And what has become of the boys, Aunt 'Cilla?"

"De Lawd only knows, honey," she said earnestly. "I wish I did. Massa Pierre he went abroad, an' I spect he's livin' dere yet. It's him you rent de house now, an' de 'till houses here, too, whar de same agents looks arter. But po' little Massa Jean, I wish I knowed whar he is, po' lamb. I wish I tryin' all dese years to fin' out. Ef I knowed—"

The old woman paused abruptly.

"If you kin' tell me, Aunt 'Cilla," I suggested, "whar then?"

"Nothin', honey, nothin'," remonstrated the old woman hurriedly, as she left off caressing little Jean's picture and left the room.

One day late in the summer, with the little Amelia for company, was walking along through a narrow street above Canal, "up town," as we had come to call it, following the fashion of our neighbors. It was hot and sultry, with not a breath of air to stir the dusty leaves that hung limp on the languid street. Suddenly, on the hotel pavement before me, I noticed the black spots; then waving and skimming it rose and flashed before my eyes, blinding me. I staggered and would have fallen, but the little maid caught me.

A moment later I was on the cool inside of the little shop before which we had been passing, and a kind faced, blue eyed, white-haired, old man was bending over me, feeling my pulse.

"You became faint, is not so, mademoiselle?" he asked gently.

"Yes, it is the heat, I think," I said.

"Aye, honey, no doubt," he said with a smile, "and the malaria."

He gave me something to drink, something that was very cool and very acid, and by and by he called a cab and handed me into it as tenderly as if I had been a child. I glanced back at him as he stood in the little office door, and read on the window beside the sign painted in gilt letters: "Doctor Jean."

When I got home I was still very weak, so Amelia brought some pillows and propped me up on the leather couch in the library, because it was cooler there. Late in the afternoon, when the sun crept around that way for a farewell touch, the little maid closed the blinds, drew back the red tapestry curtains and fanned me to sleep.

I must have dozed for some time, for suddenly I awoke with a sense of heaviness and oppression. The black spots flashed before my eyes, then shimmering and danced across the room till it rested like a scar, blood red, across the face of the faun, which in another moment fell to the floor with a loud crash.

I remember to have screamed and covered my face with my hands, and then I must have been unconscious for a long time.

When I came to myself I was in my own room and the white-haired old man from the little up-town office was bending over me. My aunt was there, too, smiling joyously to see me coming round again, and Aunt 'Cilla was turning the pillows, while the little maid fanned.

"You are much better, mademoiselle, is it not so?" asked the old man in his soft French.

"Have I been very ill?" I asked.

"Yes, perhaps, mademoiselle."

"Long?"

"Three weeks."

"And the black spot—do you know about it?" I asked.

"You told me while you were ill," the old man answered. "But it is gone now."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"It is a long story, and mademoiselle, is not a good story," said the old man, who was called Jean, whose portraits you found in the little closet, and about a will that was hidden in the faun's head and which was not found till that day when you were taken ill."

"I remember," I interrupted him. "The faun's face was cleft with a blood red scar."

The old man smiled. "The faun's head had been broken," he said, "and mended again with wax. The heat of the sun on that hot afternoon melted the wax and parted the old cleft."

"But the black spot?" I persisted.

"I'd a told you 'bout it befor', missy, honey," said Aunt 'Cilla, "ef Massa Pierre hadn't a hoodooed me. I knowed 'bout it 'case I was here 'fo' it started, but I but it sber since. But Massa Pierre he hoodooed me, an' I's skeered to tell."

"I dunno how it come," the old woman went on, "but Massa Pierre was ol' marster's favorite. Look Jack Masser Pierre he was allus bein' wacked an' one day, when I went dere in de lib'ry to tek ol' marster a cup o' coffee, Massa Pierre was dere talkin' to him and axin' him fur money. An' somehow or nuther ol' marster wouldn't let him hab it, and den Pierre got mad an' jerk up de ink bottle an' dash it at marster's head. It hit him side de head, den glance an' strike 'ginst dat what you call a foun' an' splash in de face an' break it open. Den ol' marster riz up in his wrath an' he tell Massa Pierre dat he gwine dishabit him, an' fur him to leave de house. 'Tawrn't long arter dat 'fo' ol' marster died, and de' very day of de funeral, Masser Pierre cum walking out of de lib'ry and shut 'e do' an' he rub a hoodoo bag on my face and gin me a paper an' tol' me ef I didn' atroy it my flesh would rot an' my bones would crumble. Den he rub me with de hoodoo bak ag'in, an' when I come to myself he's gone and de folks was all gone to de funeral."

"So dat's whar I cum de paper in de faun's head an' get some wax an' stick it togedder an' put it away in de 'till closet to keep Massa Pierre 'm linden' it out. Presently de lawyers come an' found de will whar ol' marster left anything to Pierre, an' so he took it all an' went away, an' 'till Jean he went to live nothin' an' de lawyers sent him off to his ma's kinsfolks, an' ol' Mammy 'Cilla what loved him so, she never heard no mo' 'till him, po' lamb." And again the old woman looked at the little man.

"And the paper in the faun's head?" I asked.

"Was the second will," exclaimed the old man, "leaving everything to Jean."

"And are you Jean?" I asked.

"And I am Jean," he answered gently; "but you must go to sleep now, mademoiselle."—Philadelphia Times.

"The twelve thirty-pounders," to use the words of the late Sir Frank Lockwood, "are all the time on the founce."

The writer calls to mind an instance in which such copious tears were shed by the plaintiff, who was in weeds, whenever the name of her late husband was mentioned, that at last the judge testily inquired, "How long has your husband been dead?"

"Twelve months," was the faltering reply.

"That's not true, my lord," said a voice in court. "He's been dead seven years."

The bereaved lady little thought that her failure to contradict this assertion was probably one of the reasons why she lost her case.

Sir Edward Clarke once told the writer that a juror at the conclusion of a case went to him and said, "I should have liked to have given you a verdict, Sir Edward, but the facts were too strong."

A jury box seems also to be a rare place for forming friendships. The writer has frequently seen jurymen who at the opening of the case were all perfect strangers to each other go off arm-in-arm at its conclusion to dine together.

OUR NEW NAVAL STATION.

The Old Spanish Arsenal of San Juan, Porto Rico.

Part of the government property handed over to the United States, when the Spaniards evacuated Porto Rico, was the old arsenal, as the Spaniards called it, which is today occupied by the Americans at San Juan as a navy yard. What the future naval station at this point will amount to has not yet been announced. When we have absorbed Porto Rico's exports and are supplying the greater part of her imports; when questions of money tariffs and government have been determined; when the commercial and political education of the people of this island is well under way; when the restless curiosity of American adventurers is satisfied and our people at large have been told what Porto Rico amounts to; and when the winter tourist trade is regularly established—when all this has been done, the value of this new possession as a naval station will have been recognized and there will be established here a navy yard sufficient to meet the needs of the location. In the meantime certain navy officers have been sent down here to take official possession of what the Spaniards turned over.

On the north side of the island there is the city of San Juan, and reaching out into the harbor is a large stretch of low, made land. This area is given over to foundries, gas works, coal yards, storehouses and the navy yard. The Spaniards never had a navy yard here, and today, when the additions are considered, the yard is a confusing collection of thick-walled, one-story houses. The ground is only about three feet above the level of the bay; consequently the houses are damp and for the most part live in the ground; the sun and air have little chance to reach the inner rooms and passages, and the place is oppressive. The shadows of heavy trees and thick shrubbery around the commandant's house give pleasing variety to the white walls of the buildings. The commandant's house is on one side of the small square in the center of the dump of buildings, and the curious belfry and clock on the other, are both picturesque and novel. The main entrance to the yard faces the north; it is a large white portal in the center of a white wall. This portal holds on high the royal arm of Spain and is decorated with the signs of the Zodiac. Above escutcheon and device floats the American flag, brilliant against the intense blue sky behind it.

The Spaniards were never known for hygiene and cleanliness in their quarters. The Spaniards never had and sanitary convenience; water and refuse were allowed to sink into the ground, so the earth of the entire yard can be regarded as polluted. There has been yellow fever here within the last three years, and there is no doubt but that the place is today unhealthy.

Much can and is being done to improve its condition; the entire place is being thoroughly cleaned; all floors are being newly cemented, and cracks in walls are being sealed up, to prevent poisonous emanations from the soil under the buildings. A distilling plant with a daily capacity of 3,000 gallons is being erected; until this is completed the station will get distilled water from the collier Caesar, anchored in the harbor. Sleeping quarters for forty marines are laid with board floors, twelve in the new cement, so that fresh air can circulate freely under the boards. The commandant's house, which is in better condition than any other building in the yard, is now used as offices by the American occupants.

TRIALS BY JURYMEN.

Chapter of Amusing Stories of the "Good Men and True."

From the London Mail.

Although juries in their collective capacity seem to be the embodiment of common sense, taken individually they frequently behave in the strangest manner. The writer remembers a case in which the judge when he came to sum up noticed that one of the jurymen was missing.

Just as a search was being instituted for the delinquent, a juror arose and said: "My lord, the gentleman has a sick daughter whose case is to be diagnosed at 2 o'clock today by a celebrated specialist. Fearing you would not give him permission, he left the box soon after the court resumed, leaving his verdict with me."

The judge fell back on hearing this and it was quite a minute before he recovered his speech. The counsel, of course, waxed very merry; they had no reason for anger, as the adjournment of the case, of course, meant more fees. The judge next morning fined the absent juror £20, which he could very well afford to pay, as he was living in a house rated at £200 a year.

Special juries, because they live in houses rated at not less than £50 a year in Middlesex, raised to £100 for towns containing less than 25,000 inhabitants, are supposed to possess special qualifications for trying cases involving technical and intricate issues.

It may be so, although personally most people would fail to see why the tenant of a house rated at £150 a year should not be equally as intelligent as the gentleman who happens to live in a £20 house. One thing, however, is clear: Common juries, although they are not without weaknesses, are seldom guilty of what might be called "downright foolishness."

Not long ago a special jurymen, toward the conclusion of a long trial, was taken so ill that, after giving his verdict for a day, the judge directed a fresh juror to be sworn. It will scarcely be believed that this jurymen a few minutes after he had entered the box, prompted by his colleagues, rose and said:

"My lord, as I have been in court all through the trial—which was not true—and listened attentively to all the evidence, it is necessary we should have it all over again."

"Yes," replied the judge, "but you were not on oath 'till well and truly try when the evidence was given."

On one of these occasions a jurymen so lost his temper as to audibly swear. The writer will never forget the delicious way in which Lord Coleridge, who was the judge, and who always rose to the level of such occasions, said: "The tropical fervor of such language is so calculated to impair that cool judicial atmosphere so necessary for the proper administration of the law that, as a punishment for tampering with the legal temperature, I must fine you £5."

In an instant the hand of every other jurymen was in his pocket, and while his lordship (who was too good-natured to notice) bent over his notes and smiled, the money was subscribed and the fine paid.

If the retrial of a case, through the indisposition of a juror, annoys the "twelve good men" it absolutely terrifies the witnesses. They are afraid lest the second edition of their evidence should not correspond with their first. The awe-stricken manner in which they creep into the witness box, evidently under the impression that any trifling discrepancy will be magnified into an absolute contradiction, is ludicrous in the extreme.

It is on these occasions that the workingman juror shines. While a special juror would probably take no pains to conceal their indifference, regarding the whole affair as an "awful

All Goods Delivered Free.

JONAS LONG'S SONS.

Satisfaction or Money Back.

All Records Were Smashed; All Traditions Were Set Aside at the First of

Our Great All-Day FRIDAY SALES

Public confidence was secure—and our patrons found awaiting them the GREATEST BARGAINS ever KNOWN to civilization.

This FRIDAY shall be even BETTER. GOODS practically GIVEN AWAY by us. Not a SINGLE PROFIT on any item. MANY THINGS at LESS THAN MANUFACTURER'S COST.

STRONG ASSERTIONS—say you. HONEST FACTS—say we. To prove it—come on Friday. It will COST YOU NOTHING. It will SAVE YOU DOLLARS. And you'll come to know that JONAS LONG'S SONS' FRIDAY SALES are the BIG EVENTS in STOREDOME.

Sales Begin at 10 O'clock

Want to give everyone an equal chance—in town and out of town. After 10— all you may want until closing time.

200 pairs Women's \$1.50 and \$1.25 Shoes—Friday price, 79c.

Women's genuine Dongola Lace and Button Shoes, made on the new coin, square and common-sense toe, heel and spring heel; sole leather soles—heavy and light. Sizes, 2 1/2 to 4; widths E and EE. Friday only, 79c.

Men's Fancy Sweaters That are Worth 75c—Friday price, 39c.

Made with laced front and rolled collar, very nicely finished. These Sweaters come in colors of navy blue, black and garnet. They are equal to any ever offered at 75 cents; never sold by us under 50 cents. Friday only, 39c.

Women Full Regular Glade 25-cent Hose—Friday price, 15c.

Twelve hundred and eighteen pairs Women's Fine Regular made Fast Black Hose, with double soles and high spliced heels. At no time and under no circumstances have their equal been sold under 25 cents a pair. Friday only 15c.

Boys' and Misses' Fine 25-cent Underwear—Friday price, 12 1/2c.

There are fifty dozen Misses' Jersey Ribbed Vests in the lot—all of them fleeced line. Then there are 65 dozen Boys' Natural Grey Shirts and Drawers. None of them ever sold under a quarter. Friday only 12 1/2c.

20-cent Window Shades, Friday 10c—\$1.25 Lace Curtains, 75c pair.

Two big items on the third floor. The Window Shades are of the best Felt Paper on good rollers, trimmed with pretty fringe. Complete with slat and fixtures, Friday only, 10c. The Lace Curtains are of genuine double thread Scotch Guipure in handsome scroll designs; would be a tremendous bargain at \$1.25. Complete with pole and fixtures, 75c pair.

3,000 Yards of Fine 10-cent Curtain Swiss—Friday price, 5c.

An immense purchase from the manufacturer direct, gives to you this great bargain in Swiss—two patterns to choose from. Other dealers pay for equal quality 7c yard. Our regular price 8 cents. Friday only, 5c yard.

1,000 Paper Novels published at 25 cents—Friday price, 2c.

One thousand—no more, no less. Titles are by Laura Jean Libbey, Charlotte M. Braeme, Charles Garvice, J. M. Barrie and one hundred others. Always sold by us at 5c, 7c and 10c—big bargains then. Friday only, 2c.

800 Pairs Boys' Knee Pants, worth 50c pair—Friday price, 25c.

Fine Worsted Knee Pants for boys from 3 to 15 years of age. Extra well made and finished. Most stores would charge 60c for them regularly. Here ordinarily they'd be 49 cents—cheap at that. Friday only, 25c.

Irish Point Pillow Shams and Bureau Scarfs—Friday price, 33c.

These come in exquisite cut-out and open-work patterns, and are absolutely worth and never sold under 50 cents each. Friday only, 33c.

1200 White Marseilles Towels, worth 10c—Friday price, 5 1/2c.

The biggest towel bargain of the year. White Marseilles Towels, extra large size and finely finished. Always 10c. Friday only, 5 1/2c.

100 Pieces Fine Quality Light Percales—Friday price, 43 1/2c yd.

These are exquisite patterns—the season's very newest styles. Full 36 inches wide, and positively worth 10c yard. Friday only, 43 1/2c yd.

Women's Fine Calico Wrappers; always 69c—Friday price, 49c.

Fine quality Calico Wrappers, in handsome scroll designs of white on red and blue grounds. Handsomely embroidered and ruffled. You've never bought Wrappers of equal worth under 69 cents. Friday only, 49c.

Fine Flint Drinking Glasses; always 4c—Friday price, 1c.

Four thousand of them to go Friday. Of fine flint, and the kind that you've often bought as bargains at 4c each. Friday only 1c.

Other Kitchen Things, worth up to 19c—Friday price, 9c.

In this lot are 10-quart heavy retinned Dish Pans that always sell for 19 cents. Then there are heavy Wood-fibre Pails, with three rims, that are worth 10c. Also 8-quart Tin Pails with wood handles. Friday only, 9c.

Advertisers of Facts Only

Jonas Long's Sons

Found food and shelter. "Are you all here?" "Are there none missing?" but 'twas all in vain. "Alas!" they cried, "one is not who was here." Or answered but with one great sob of pain.

The Death Sentence



The wretched prisoner who listens to the reading of his death warrant is not more surely condemned than the man who is threatened with dread consumption and fails to take the right method to repulse its attack.

The child that is born with a shallow, narrow chest; the youth who daily crutches over an office desk; the mechanic who toils in an atmosphere of dust; and the woman whose household duties constantly restrict her to the close, heated atmosphere of her home, all live under the blighting shadow of consumption. There is but one sure protection against this wholesale murderer of men—a sound healthy body; pure, rich, red blood; and clear, clear breathing organs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes a man hungry, and really hungry men are usually healthy. But it isn't the whole battle—you may fill a stove with fuel, and if the grate is clogged with clinkers and the chimney with soot, you will have no fire. The Golden Medical Discovery sees that fuel burns and that the life-giving elements of the food are absorbed into the blood, and that new, healthy tissues are built up in the breathing organs. It prevents consumption by curing all the abnormal conditions which, if neglected lead up to consumption.

Mrs. Josie E. Clark of Enterprise, Shelby Co., Mo., writes: "I had despaired of ever getting well. I had been in bad health for twelve years, had aches all through me, numb hands, cold feet, and everything I ate distressed me, bowels constipated; was very nervous, depressed and despondent. I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and my health is now good. Constipation disappears while you sleep and you can take Dr. Pierce's Pills."